

THE PRESIDENT SHOT.

Laid Low by an Assassin's Bullet.

THE ASSASSIN CAPTURED.

The Stricken President Conveyed to the White House.

A NATION'S SORROW.

How the Terrible Deed Was Done, and the Man Who Did It.

SYMPATHY OF FOREIGN RULERS

Full Details of the Horrifying Crime.

WASHINGTON, July 2, 1881.

The presidential party was to leave Washington this morning on the limited express train extended journey through New England. The party was to comprise the President and Mrs. Garfield, who was to meet him in New York, their two elder sons Harry and James, Miss Mollie Garfield, their daughter, who is now with her mother; Colonel and Mrs. Rockwell, with Don Rockwell, their son, and Miss Lulu Rockwell, their daughter; Dr. W. H. Hawkes, the classical tutor of the three young gentlemen above named; the secretary of the treasury and Mrs. Windom; Postmaster-General James and Mrs. James, the secretary of the navy and Mrs. Hunt, the secretary of war, Judge Advocate General Swain and Colonel Jameson, of the postoffice department. From New York they were to go directly to Irvington, on the Hudson, where they were to spend Sunday. On Monday morning they were to go to Williamstown, Mass., to attend the commencement exercises of Williams college, of which the President is a graduate. They were to remain there until Thursday noon, and then take the cars for St. Albans, Vt., spending Friday at that place. From there they were to go to the White Mountains, staying at Maplewood or Bethlehem and remaining over Sunday. On Monday they were to go to the top of Mount Washington, and on Tuesday to Portland, Me.; from thence to Augusta, where they were to be the guests of Secretary Blaine. The secretary had secured a revenue cutter, and the party were to take a trip along the Maine coast, visiting Mount Desert and other places of interest. They were then to return to Bangor, Me., and from there to Boston. The legislature of New Hampshire, having by resolution invited the President to make them a visit, the party was to go to Concord. From there they were to go to New Concord, Mass., then begin the homeward trip, going to New York by way of Hartford and New Haven, expecting to get back to this city about the 17th or 18th of July.

THE PRESIDENT SHOT DOWN. This was the programme marked out for a pleasant vacation, and the last of the party to complete it had not arrived when the 9:20 A. M. train, preceding the limited express, departed from the depot. A few moments later the President's carriage drove in front of the depot, and the President and his only companion, Secretary Blaine, alighted and both entered the depot by the main entrance on B street. There was a slight pause on the steps, and a moment later the President and Secretary of State, side by side, were walking across the ladies' reception room, in which there was not at the time half a dozen persons. One of these was a man of short stature, a wicked expression in his face, who moved about nervously until the two statesmen had half crossed the reception room, a distance of not more than ten feet from the door. A report as of a big fire cracked challenged the attention of the policeman at the main door, who thought some boy had fired it in honor of the President's departure. Instantly another report was heard and President Garfield lay prostrate upon the floor of the reception room wounded in the right arm and in the side just above the hip. The mysterious nervous individual was Charles Guiteau, now from Chicago, about forty years of age, who had been imploring the President to give him a consulate in France. His excited condition had changed in the presence of his intended victim, and he stood as firm and as calm as a statue, "the English bulldog" pistol still drawn and in his right hand. Secretary Blaine had, as turning the corner of the seat near the main entrance to the hall of the depot, gone just a little ahead of the President. The first shot not being noticed by the President or his companion, the second and the fatal one found Mr. Blaine on the sill of the door, who instantly called for help.

GREAT EXCITEMENT AT THE DEPOT. Colonel Jameson, who was to have had charge of the President's party, was the first to communicate the sad news to the Cabinet officers. From the scene to the rear of the train was a distance of two hundred feet. As though drawn by an invisible force the presidential party in a second were surging

toward the room where the prostrate form of the President lay. Five members of the Cabinet were then present, Messrs. Blaine, Windom, Lincoln, Hunt and James. In a few minutes Attorney-General McVeagh, who was at his office when the deed was done, had arrived. The President's son Harry, scarcely realizing what had happened, for but little blood fell from the wounds, stood ready to fight or die in his father's defense. The scene beggars description. A beautiful summer morn, warm and tranquil as the face of nature in early spring, encouraged the brightest thoughts and happiest feelings in the hearts of the company that was to journey with the President. Now their countenances were black with sorrow, "President Garfield assassinated," exclaimed Secretary Hunt. "Impossible." No, if a meteoric stone had singled him out as its victim it could not be more improbable. Secretary Lincoln quickly gave the order for the troops stationed at the arsenal to hold themselves for immediate orders. The same was done by the secretary of the navy, who directed that the marines should be held for similar orders. Meanwhile word was sent to Surgeon General Barnes, Drs. Norris, Lincoln and Woodward requiring their immediate presence at the depot. With the messengers trooping over the pavements it was not long before every part of Washington was informed of what had happened, and the fact became generally known. Then a crowd soon assembled, and in less than ten minutes Sixth street and B street were packed with people, and the news of the horrible affair flew from mouth to mouth and spread over the city like wildfire. An attempt was made to rush into the building and cries were raised to lynch the assassin, but a strong force of policemen, summoned by telephone, had arrived promptly on the scene and preserved order. In the meantime the President had been carried to a room upstairs and the physicians summoned.

After remaining for about an hour in the depot it was decided to remove the President to the White House. Accordingly, a police ambulance was sent for, and the wounded man, attended by Colonel Rockwell, was driven home. The events above related were not generally known until some time after they had occurred. Except the orderly crowd that assembled in front of the White House and police headquarters there was nothing to indicate that a national tragedy had been enacted that would startle the whole civilized world. The people first became convinced that something had happened out of the usual course by the rapid driving of a carriage through Pennsylvania avenue, clearing the way for the ambulance which followed, carefully driven and attended by a guard of mounted police. From mouth to mouth the intelligence spread. "The President is assassinated; was shot at the depot as he was going into the cars." There were no loud demonstrations, no disorderly language. The astonishment following the startling announcement deepened into unbelief, and the people seemed paralyzed with the horror of the moment. Still, the crowd followed the ambulance that entered the broad carriage-way leading to the executive mansion. Policemen already guarded the gates and kept the crowd back, but through the fence and gateway the ambulance was seen to pause before the open door of the White House, while the large, fine form of the President was tenderly lifted from the vehicle, with the pallor of death stamped on his countenance. Glancing upward to the windows he saw some familiar faces, and with a smile, which those who saw it will never forget, he raised his right hand and gave the military salute, which seemed to say: "Long live the republic."

THE WOUNDED MAN AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

A few moments afterward carriages began to arrive, bringing the presidential party from the special car where they had been seated only a few moments before in anticipation of a summer's pleasure tour. Soon afterward Mrs. Hunt, Mrs. James and Mrs. Windom were joined by Mrs. Blaine and Mrs. W. T. Sherman. Other friends of Mrs. Garfield quickly arrived, but were denied admittance, and soon the ponderous gates which lead to the executive mansion were closed, and armed military sentinels silently took their places about the house and grounds. These troops were ordered from the garrison at the arsenal in order to relieve the regular police, whose services were needed in the city where the crowds were rapidly increasing in angry excitement. There was only one company of soldiers, but the glance of their bayonets flashing in the sunlight as they walked with measured tread the several paths to which they were assigned, recalled the last hours of President Lincoln, when the same astonishment and horror were reflected on the faces of the crowds that surged about the executive mansion.

The President was carefully lifted from the ambulance and carried to a sleeping chamber in the southeast corner of the building, and was soon surrounded by the most eminent physicians in Washington. Owing to the nervous prostration which followed the shock, the surgeons did not deem it advisable to probe for the ball while the President was at the depot. Upon reaching the White House this nervous prostration seemed to pass away and the President assumed his usual composed manner, greeting members of the Cabinet and other intimate friends who called with warm pressure of the hand and with cheerful words. Before leaving the depot the President manifested some anxiety about the effect of the intelligence of his wound upon Mrs. Garfield, and, turning to Colonel Rockwell, dictated to him the following dispatch to be sent to Mrs. Garfield at Long Beach:

Mrs. Garfield, Elberon, N. J. The President wishes me to say to you from him that he has been seriously hurt—how seriously he cannot yet say. He is himself and hopes you will come to him soon. He sends his love to you. A. P. ROCKWELL. The cheerful manner of the President throughout the morning and the early hours of the afternoon excited the strongest hopes on the part of his sur-

geons and friends that the ball had not touched any vital part, and that when the man had gained sufficient strength and composure an effort might be made to find the ball. Objections were given that the President should see as few persons as possible, and that he should be kept from conversation or making any particular effort whatever. After consultation it was determined by the surgeons that at 3 o'clock, if the condition of the President would permit, they would probe for the ball. When the hour arrived it was found that the President was not in condition to undergo the operation, and from this time he began to show symptoms that were regarded as very unfavorable—internal hemorrhage having been distinctly recognized.

During the afternoon, although suffering intensely from his wound, the President several times gave exhibition of his well-known good nature and genial disposition. At one time, while Secretary Blaine was sitting at his bedside, the President, turning his head, said: "Blaine, what motive do you think that man could have had in trying to assassinate me?" "I do not know, Mr. President; he says he had no motive; he must be insane." To this the President smilingly answered: "I suppose he thought it would be a glorious thing to emulate the pirate chief." At another time, when one of his sons was sobbing at his bedside the President said: "Don't be alarmed, Jimmy, the upper story is all right, it is only the hull that is a little damaged." When Colonel Rockwell announced to him that Mrs. Garfield had started on a special train from Long Branch, he said with evident feeling: "God bless the little woman; I hope the shock won't break her down."

ARREST OF THE ASSASSIN.

Immediately upon hearing the pistol shot Officer Kearney, who remained at his post of duty near the B street entrance after the President entered the building, ran into the large reception room, and was in time to see the assassin running toward the east door, which opens on Sixth street. Before reaching this door the assassin turned back to make his way out of the north door, where he was met and arrested by Officer Kearney. The officer met the prisoner on the steps and said to him: "I must arrest you." "All right," said the assassin, "I did it and will go to jail for it. I am a stalwart, and Arthur will be President." Officer Kearney took his prisoner into the large waiting-room, where he was joined by one of the railroad officers and escorted to police headquarters. On the way he gave Kearney a card on which was written: "Charles Guiteau, of Illinois," that being the prisoner's name. Guiteau is described on the books at police headquarters as follows: "Charles Guiteau, arrested at 9:25, July 2, 1881, for shooting President Garfield; aged thirty-six; white; born in the United States and a lawyer by profession; weight, 130 pounds; has dark-brown, thin whiskers and sallow complexion; dressed in a dark suit with black slouch hat."

Mrs. Sarah V. E. White, the lady in charge of the waiting-room at the depot, was the person who first reached the President after he was shot. She thus describes the shooting and arrest of Guiteau: "I saw the whole thing. The man came in from the door, entering the ladies' room from the main waiting-room, as the President entered the middle door from B street. When he had approached within five feet of the President he fired, aiming, I thought, at the President's heart, and missed him. The President did not seem to notice him, but walked right on past the man. He fired again and the President fell. He fell right at the turn of the second row of seats. I was the first to reach him and lifted up his head. The janitor rushed in and called the police. I held him until some men came and lifted him up. He did not speak to me or to any one until a young man, who, I think, was his son, came. After he had vomited I think he said something to him. When he was lifted upon the mattress he spoke or groaned. The man who shot him said nothing; no words at all passed between them. The man walked deliberately out of the center door, where somebody headed him off. He turned and started back the way he came, and was seized at the door by the police. I have seen the man once or twice before. One time in particular I noticed him, a few days ago. He promenade up and down just as he did to-day, wiping his face and apparently excited. I thought he was waiting for some friends. This morning he waited here half an hour walking up and down. There were few people in the room when the shot was fired. All the passengers had gone out. I think there was a gentleman near the door."

The following letter was taken from the prisoner's pocket at police headquarters, showing conclusively his intention to kill the President:

To the White House: The President's tragic death was a sad necessity, but it will unite the Republican party and save the republic. Life is a flimsy dream, and it matters little when one goes. A human life is of small value. During the war thousands of brave boys went down without a tear. I presume the President was a Christian and that he will be happier in Paradise than here. It will be no worse for Mrs. Garfield, dear soul, to part with her husband this way than by natural death. He is liable to go at any time any way. I had no ill-will toward the President. His death was a political necessity. I am a lawyer, a theologian and a politician. I am a Stalwart of the Stalwarts. I was with General Grant and the rest of our men in New York during the canvass. I have some papers for the press, which I shall leave with Byron Andrews and his co-journalists at No. 1420 New York avenue, where the reporters can see them. I am going to the jail. CHARLES GUYTEAU. Mr. Andrews, to whom allusion is made in the foregoing letter, is the Washington correspondent of the Chicago Inter-Ocean. Upon learning of the shooting and the allusion made to him in the prisoner's papers, Mr. Andrews repaired to police headquarters and made a sworn statement to the effect

that he never heard of nor met Guiteau until he saw him under arrest to-day. The prisoner's statement, addressed to Mr. Andrews, was retained by the police authorities, and is a bulky package of manuscript written in a heavy, coarse hand, apparently covering twenty-five or thirty pages of letter paper.

The following letter was found on the street soon after Guiteau's arrest, with the envelope unsealed and addressed, "Please deliver at once:"

To General Sherman or his first assistant in charge of the War Department:

"To GENERAL SHERMAN: I have just shot the President. I shot him several times, as I wished him to go as easily as possible. His death was a political necessity. I am a lawyer, theologian and politician. I am a stalwart of the stalwarts. I was with General Grant and the rest of our men in New York during the canvass. I am going to the jail. Please order out your troops and take possession of the jail at once. "Very respectfully," "CHARLES GUYTEAU."

On receiving the above General Sherman gave it the following indorsement: "HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY, "WASHINGTON, D. C., July 2, 11.35 A. M."

"This letter was handed me this minute by Major W. J. Twining United States Engineers, Commissioner of the District of Columbia, and Major William G. Brock, Chief of Police. I don't know the writer, never heard of or saw him to my knowledge, and hereby return it to the keeping of the above-named parties as testimony in the case. "W. T. SHERMAN, General."

MRS. GARFIELD ARRIVES FROM LONG BRANCH.

Mrs. Garfield arrived from Long Branch early in the evening. When Mrs. Garfield alighted from her carriage, weeping, and followed by her daughter, Mr. Blaine broke completely down and wept for several minutes. Mrs. Garfield was escorted by her son James up the stairs, the boy, a lad of fifteen, holding her tightly by the waist and constantly whispering words of comfort in her ear. Upon entering the apartment over which the shadow of death was beginning to hover, all present silently retired, and the dying President and his wife were left alone. This was at precisely 6:50. They remained together for fifteen minutes. At the end of that time the doctors were again admitted to the room.

THE PRESIDENT ON SUNDAY.

The President rested comfortably most of the time Sunday, suffering only from what he calls "tiger's claws" in his feet, and a slow but constant improvement in his condition was reported. In the evening, however, he became restless, his pulse increased and he exhibited other unfavorable symptoms, and the gravest apprehensions were excited. Expressions of sympathy for the President and Mrs. Garfield were received in the course of the day from a number of foreign rulers and from persons in all parts of the United States. The assassin Guiteau was informed falsely that the President was dead, and he expressed satisfaction at the announcement.

Dr. Hammond and other New York physicians were telegraphed for and a special train placed at their disposal at Jersey City. Mrs. Garfield, although suffering intensely, kept up with extraordinary fortitude, and was the only person admitted to the President's room by the physicians. Vice-President Arthur arrived in the morning, having been summoned by the Cabinet. He was in consultation all day with members of the Cabinet, and at night visited the White House. The President was asleep, and it was not deemed prudent to awaken him. General Arthur, however, saw Mrs. Garfield and remained for some time with the members of the Cabinet who were on watch near the President's room. In their serious clerical men in all parts of the country referred in feeling terms to the attempted assassination of President Garfield and prayed fervently for his recovery.

THE PRESIDENT ON MONDAY.

The symptoms developed in President Garfield's case on Monday were both favorable and unfavorable. The hope permitted and encouraged by the first official bulletin of the day was converted into a great fear by the later intelligence that the symptoms of Saturday had returned and that typhus was again noticeable. For several hours in the earlier part of the evening hope was practically abandoned on all sides. The bulletin issued at 10 o'clock at night pronounced the patient slightly improved; at midnight the Cabinet officers had left the White House, and the President was sleeping quietly. Instead of the usual noise of firecrackers and pistol-shots which characterized the Fourth, Washington was as silent as the grave.

Telegrams in countless numbers came pouring into the executive mansion and the state department from the United States, from Canada, from every country in Europe. The President and his Cabinet were especially touched and gratified by the evidences of affection and sympathy which came from all parts of the South. Hundreds of telegrams, coming from every State and representing both sexes and all classes of the people, were received. It was utterly impossible, in the excitement and anxiety of the present crisis, to acknowledge these telegrams or to express to the writers the gratification which their good wishes and warm sympathy gave to the President and his Cabinet. The secretary of state, therefore, furnished the following, with a request that it be given the widest possible circulation:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, JULY 4—11 P. M. To the Press:

On behalf of the President and Mrs. Garfield I desire to make public acknowledgment of the very numerous messages of condolence and affection which have been received since Saturday morning. From almost every State in the Union, from the South as bountifully as from the North, and from countries beyond the sea, have come messages of anxious inquiry and tender words of sympathy in such numbers that it has been found impossible to answer them in detail. I therefore ask

the newspapers to express for the President and Mrs. Garfield the deep gratitude which they feel for the devotion of their fellow countrymen and friends abroad in this hour of heavy affliction. JAMES G. BLAINE, Secretary of State.

THE PRESIDENT'S CONDITION ON TUESDAY.

On Tuesday the following official bulletins, issued from the White House, showed the President's condition during the day:

WASHINGTON, July 5—8:30 A. M. The President, since 6 o'clock this morning, has rested quietly. Doctors Bliss and Reyburn have reported to members of the Cabinet, informing them of a marked improvement in the general character of observable symptoms and an improved tone of the pulse.

WASHINGTON, July 5—1 P. M. The favorable condition of the symptoms continues. There has been no recurrence of the vomiting. Pulse, 110; temperature, 101; respiration, twenty-four. The President lies at present in a natural sleep.

(Signed) D. W. BLISS, J. K. BARNES, J. J. WOODWARD, ROBT. REYBURN.

WASHINGTON, July 5—2 P. M.—General D. G. Swain has just left the President's room, and says: There was an hour yesterday at which unfavorable symptoms set in. The corresponding hour has passed to-day without such symptoms having appeared. There is a decided gain, which we had no right to expect even so late as daylight this morning. The President has slept quietly and naturally at short intervals. His mind is perfectly clear. He described his symptoms with the utmost precision and clearness. There may be some increase of pulse and temperature again this evening, but we have every reason to believe that there will now be a steady gain with each day.

WASHINGTON, July 5—The condition of the President to-night is even more favorable than indicated by the last official bulletin. For the first time since the shooting the attending physicians talk with a certain degree of confidence in his recovery. Prior to the issue of the 9 o'clock bulletin last night, the physicians had abandoned all hopes of recovery, and they had determined to inform the members of the Cabinet that death would certainly ensue within forty hours if the examination they were about to make last evening did not furnish decided evidence of improvement. Happily, the changed condition of the distinguished sufferer furnished the evidence hoped for, and since that time there has been a steady and remarkable improvement. At 9 o'clock last night the pulse was 124, with the temperature and respiration correspondingly high. This morning's examination showed a decline in the pulse to 114, and later in the day to 104, with other favorable conditions that increased the hopes entertained for recovery. To-night the pulse marked 106, temperature, 100.9 degrees, and respiration twenty-four. This was better than the physicians expected, particularly as all the other indications were reassuring. During the day the President received considerable nourishment, and upon two occasions asked for food. He was given chicken broth in two-ounce doses, and received eighteen ounces in all of this kind of nourishment. He grew tired of the broth, which, he said, did not satisfy his cravings of hunger, and he was given bouillon in small quantities.

There is limited inflammation in the track of the assassin's bullet, but it is what the physicians term a healthy inflammation, natural to the wound, and an indication that the healing process is going on. There is no typhus. His strength has improved, and at times he shows a disposition to change his position by his own efforts, using his elbows to raise the body. He is forbidden, however, to make any exertion whatever, and his attendants watch him vigilantly to prevent this. His sleep through the day has been natural and refreshing, and no morphia has been administered during the past twenty-four hours. There have been two movements of the bowels to-day, both spontaneous, which show positively that the intestines are not injured, and are in a healthy condition. The doctors say that the condition of the President, while still critical, furnishes very decided evidence that he will be able to pass successfully future stages of the crisis unless something not now anticipated should take place. The weather has been very hot to-day, but the President did not complain on this account. He has now reached that point where it can be said that every hour increases his hold on life. Of course, the doctors will give no assurance whatever as to the future, but their cheerful manner and encouraging conversations to-night have almost convinced all who have been watching with painful solicitude about the President's chamber that he will serve out his term of office.

WASHINGTON, July 5—Midnight.—Information just received from the President's sick-room is to the effect that the favorable symptoms noted at the date of the last official bulletin are still maintained.

THE PRESIDENT ON WEDNESDAY.

WASHINGTON, July 6, 5:30 A. M.—Colonel Rockwell, one of the watchers during the latter part of the night, reports the President to have passed a quiet night. The President, this morning, says that he felt considerably refreshed with the rest he obtained during the night.

WASHINGTON, July 6—7 A. M.—Drs. Bliss and Woodward both express themselves as feeling very much encouraged at the President's condition this morning. His pulse at this hour is about 100.

WASHINGTON, July 6—9:30 A. M.—The President has passed a comfortable night and has slept well. His condition has remained throughout as favorable as when the last bulletin was issued. The pulse is becoming less frequent, and is now ninety-eight; temperature, 98.4; respiration, twenty-four.

(Signed) D. W. BLISS, J. K. BARNES, J. J. WOODWARD, ROBT. REYBURN.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE ASSASSIN.

WASHINGTON, July 2, 1881.

Charles J. Guiteau, the would-be assassin, hails from Chicago. He came to Washington in February last and has remained engaged, as is supposed, in an effort to secure the appointment of United States consul to Marseilles, France. At the jail, to which he was taken at half-past 10 o'clock this forenoon, about an hour after the shooting, he gave his name as Charles Guiteau, of Chicago. In appearance he is a man about thirty years of age, and is supposed to be of French descent. His height is about five feet five inches. He has a sandy complexion and is slight, weighing not more than 125 pounds. He wears a mustache and slight chin whiskers, slightly tinged with gray. His sunken cheeks and widely separated eyes give him a sullen, or, as the jailer describes it, a "looney" appearance.

Colonel Barnside, the disbursing officer at the postoffice department, says he knew Guiteau when he was a baby in his mother's arms. His father, J. W. Guiteau was an old resident and respected citizen of Freeport, Ill., where he held many offices of trust. He married a very beautiful woman, with whom and the younger children he joined the Oneida community. He afterward returned to Freeport, where from 1874 up to last September, the time of his death, he served as cashier of the Second National bank. There were three children. An older brother, William Guiteau, for a long time practiced law at Davenport, Iowa, but is now practicing his profession in Boston, Mass., where also he is at the head of large insurance interests. A younger sister, Flora, was a very promising girl, having a very decided talent for music. Charles Julius Guiteau, who to-day is in jail for the murder of the President, was an odd boy. When the family left the Oneida community Charles, then fifteen or sixteen years old, was left behind.

He afterward went to Chicago and studied law, being cared for and supplied with money by his father. After completing his studies Guiteau went to Europe, where he traveled several years, imbibing socialistic and other eccentric doctrines. A few years ago he returned to this country and lectured on the second advent of Christ. He published a pamphlet, in which the egotism of the man was plainly shown. He spoke of himself as a messenger of God to announce his coming. His lecture here in Lincoln hall on this subject was a failure. Julius—we used to call him Julius, but I see he has dropped that part of his name—is now about forty or forty-two years old. From what I know of the boy, his education in the Oneida community and his utterances on religion, I was not at all surprised at his committing the act this morning. I understand from people employed at the White House that Guiteau had forced himself upon the President before. He was an applicant for the consulship at Marseilles and a few days ago obtained access to the President and acted so rudely that the President had him removed. I have no doubt that, feeling offended by this act, he determined on the course which culminated in the terrible tragedy of this morning. Guiteau was hanging around the Republican headquarters, No. 241 Fifth avenue, New York, during the campaign last fall. He made a few speeches, but his efforts did not seem to be appreciated by the committee. He was poor and seedy looking, and borrowed some money from Mr. Jewell after the election and a few days before the committee broke up he asked Governor Jewell for a recommendation for a consulate. He especially urged that if he could secure a consulate a certain rich lady would marry him.

WHAT HIS LANDLADY SAYS OF HIM.

Mrs. William S. Grant, who keeps a boarding house at Nos. 922 and 924 Fourteenth street, northwest, and with whom Guiteau boarded for the last thirty days, took the following advertisement on Saturday morning to be inserted in the Post:

WANTED—CHARLES GUYTEAU, Of Illinois, who gives the President and Secretary Blaine as references, to call at 924 Fourteenth street and see his board bill.

What is remarkable about this is that when Mrs. Grant called to insert the advertisement, which was about a couple of hours after the President had been shot, she was ignorant of the occurrence.

CHICAGO, July 2.

Guiteau's idiosyncrasies while a resident of Chicago brought him into unenviable notoriety on more than one occasion. He was of unwholesome appearance, and was regarded as of weak mental capacity and partially insane. His manner was a queer combination of obsequiousness, humility and querulous self-assertion. He was disliked, and nobody seemed to want him around.

He was constantly trying to get himself before the public in one form or another. He was insanely anxious to get into print without apparent object. He was expert only in one line of business, and that was beating boarding houses. He came to Chicago ten or twelve years ago, and did a little shyster law work around the justice's courts. Those with whom he came in contact speedily rated him for what he was worth and their estimate of him may be summed up in the expression that he was cracked. That there was a screw loose in his mental machinery seemed to admit of no question. He was voted a nuisance and was tolerated only because he was believed to be harmless. He was visionary and erratic. There was a certain earnestness in his manner which might deceive one on first making his acquaintance, but he invariably showed his eccentricity in the course of a few minutes' conversation. When he first came to this city he was quite young, and his eccentric course was attributed to the freshness of youth, which would wear off with age. The disease, however, was deeper; but before that fact was discovered he had married a Miss Scoville, a sister of George Scoville, a lawyer, now in business in Randolph street. He preyed on boarding houses for two or three years without getting himself into serious trouble until 1874 or 1875, when he was run out of town.

Bringing up in New York he remained there a year or two, living out of confiding landlords and precat-